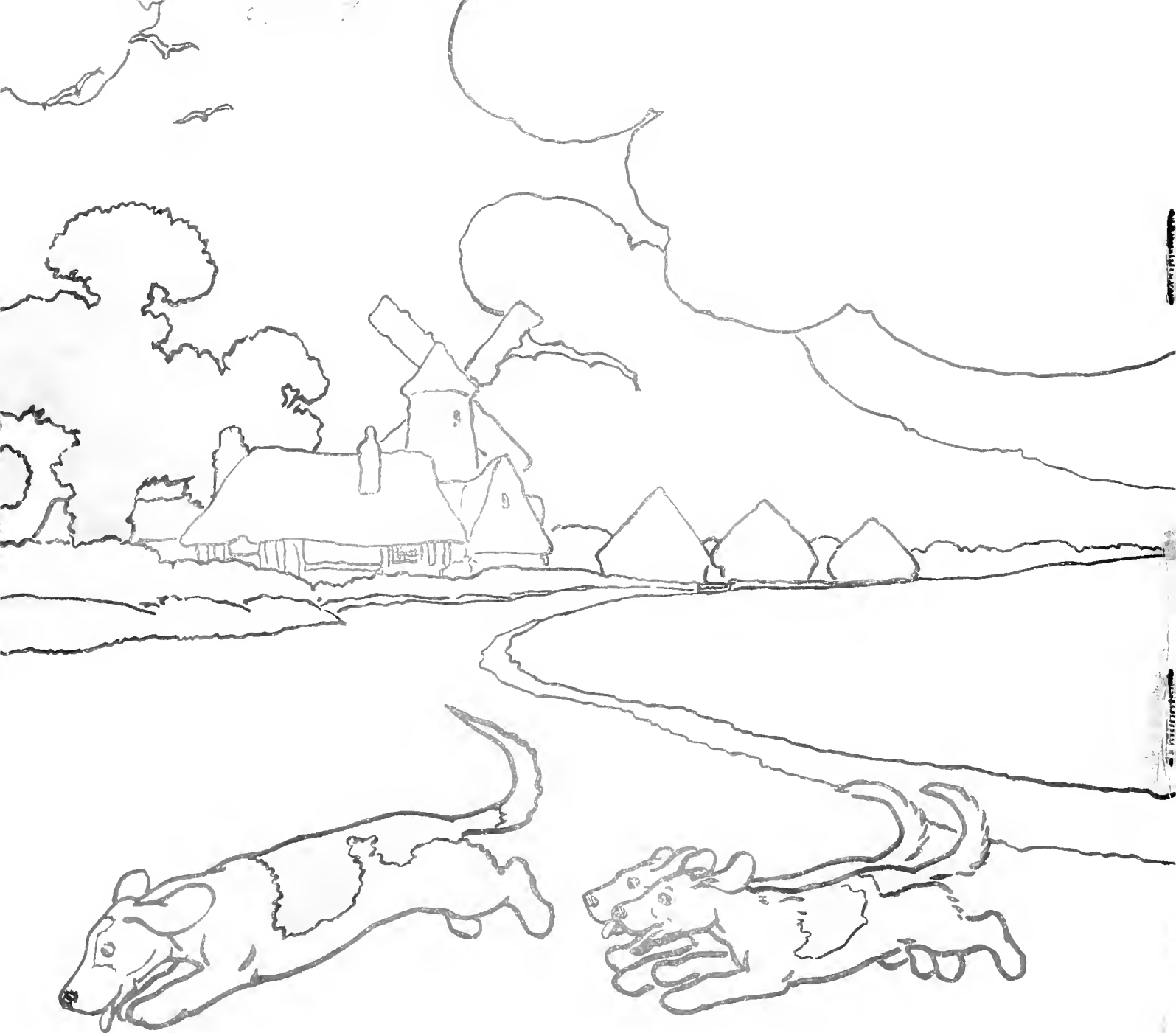




# Three Jolly Huntsmen

*Verses by* Jessie Pope  
*Drawings by* Frank Adams



# Three Jolly Huntsmen

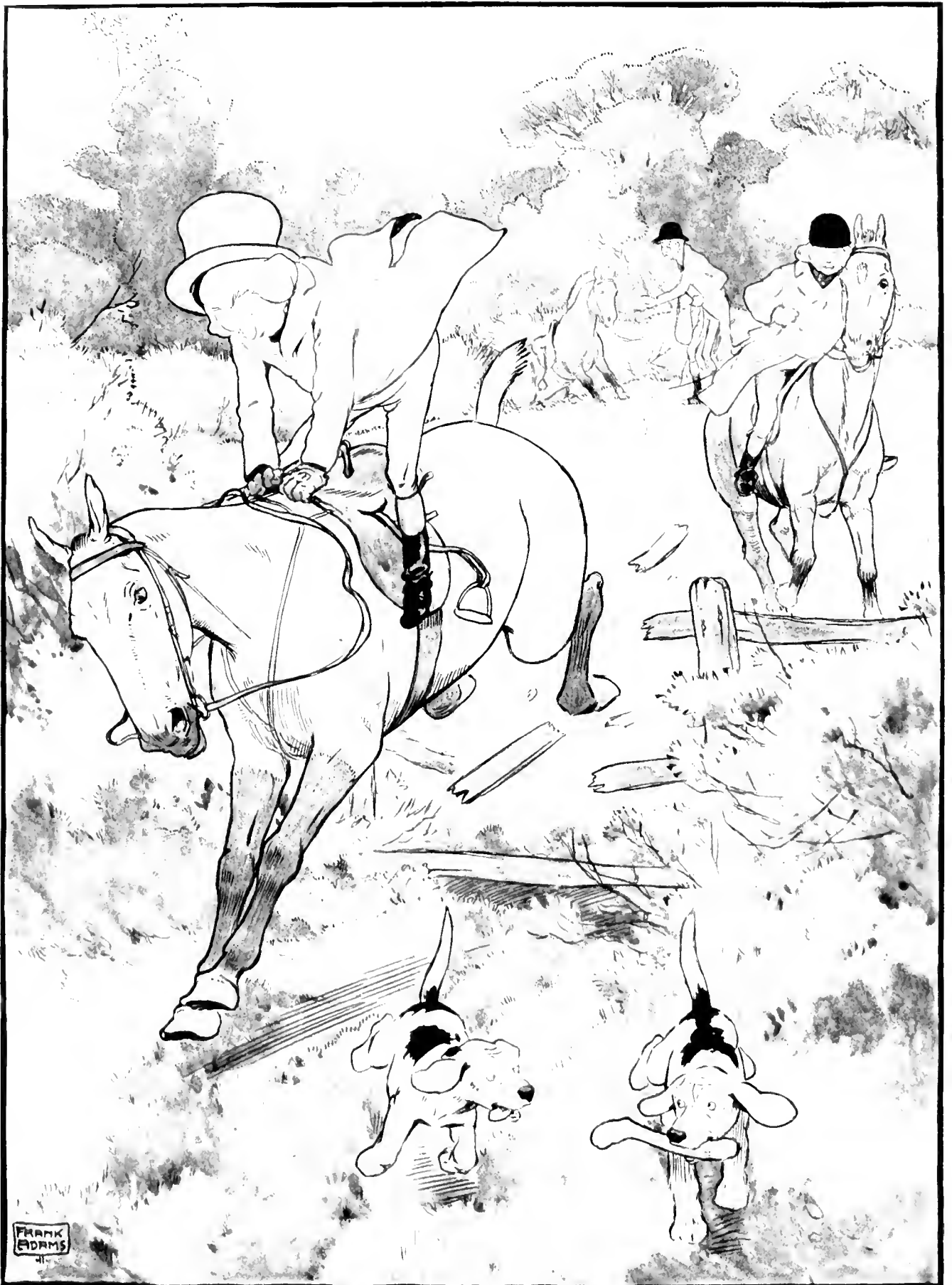


Joe - Jerry and Jim



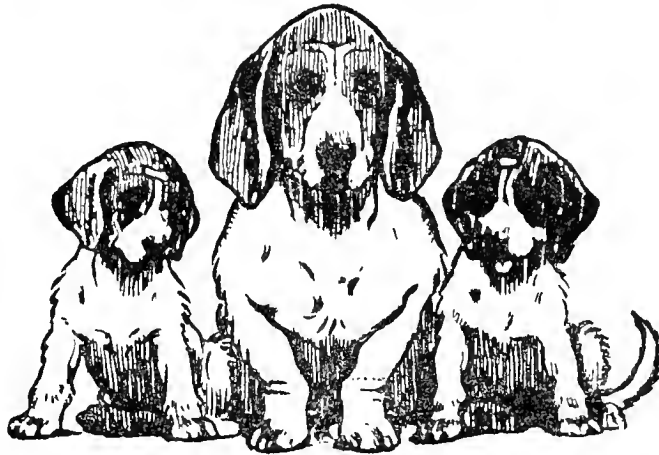
JOHN A. SEAVERNS







# Three Jolly Huntsmen



*Verses by Jessie Pope*  
*Drawings by Frank Adams*



NEW YORK: DODGE PUBLISHING CO.  
214-220 EAST 23RD STREET



HREE jolly, old huntsmen, Joe,  
Jerry, Jim,  
Took lunch at “The Three  
Cornered Hat”;

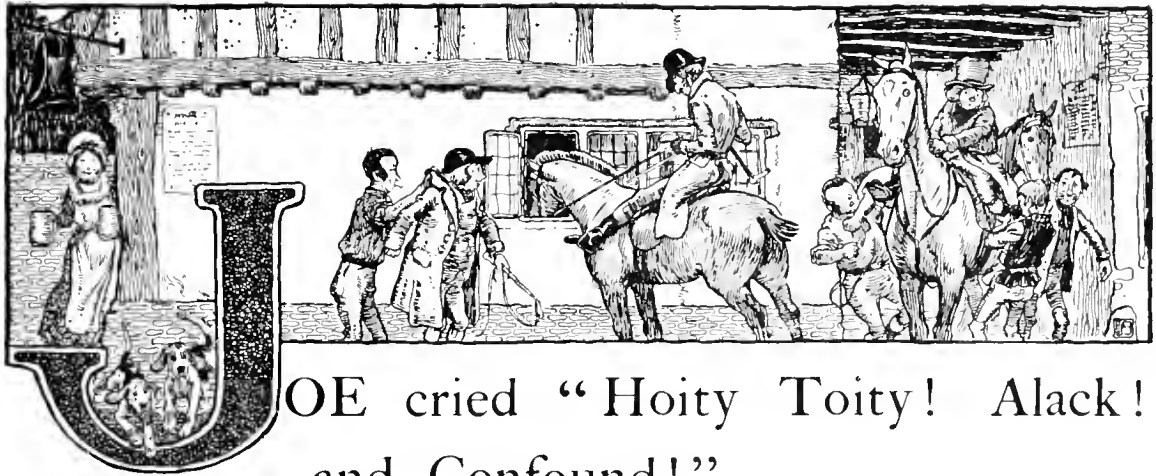
Now Jerry was lanky, but Joe wasn't slim,  
And Jim was delightfully fat.

They sat at the table and worked with a will  
At all the good things spread about them ;  
They munched and they crunched and they  
gobbled, until  
The hunt started gaily without them.









JOE cried “Hoity Toity! Alack!  
and Confound!”

Jim moaned, “Let’s complain to the  
Police!”

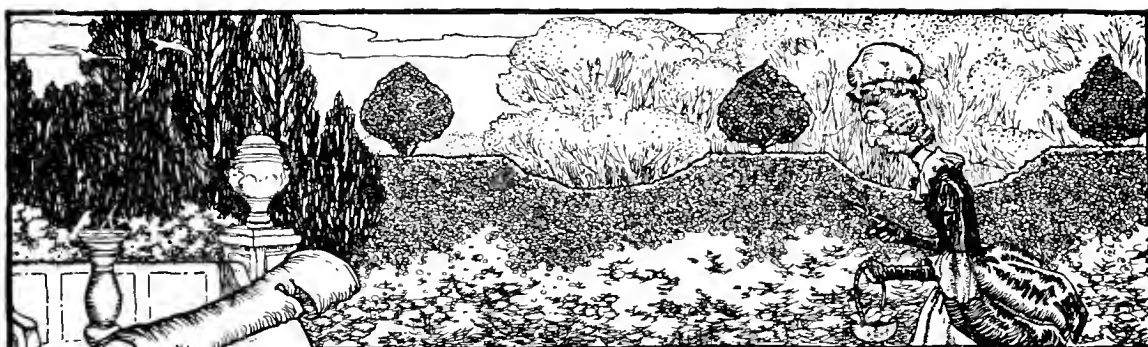
But Jerry remarked—“I’ve an old basset  
hound,

And you chaps have a puppy a-piece;

“A hunt on our own is our only resource!”

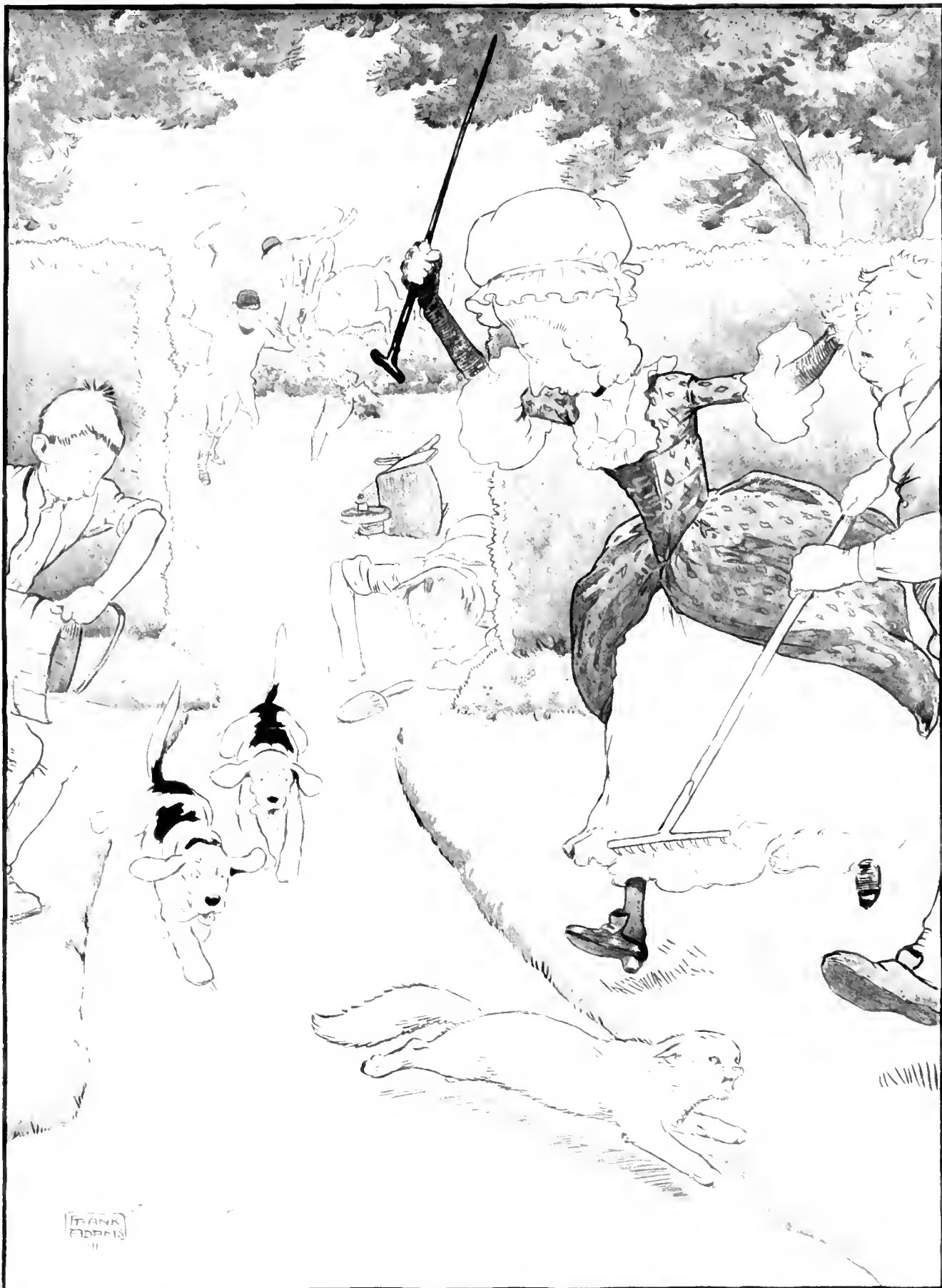
With rapture the hounds started yelping,  
While each huntsman proceeded to climb on  
his horse,

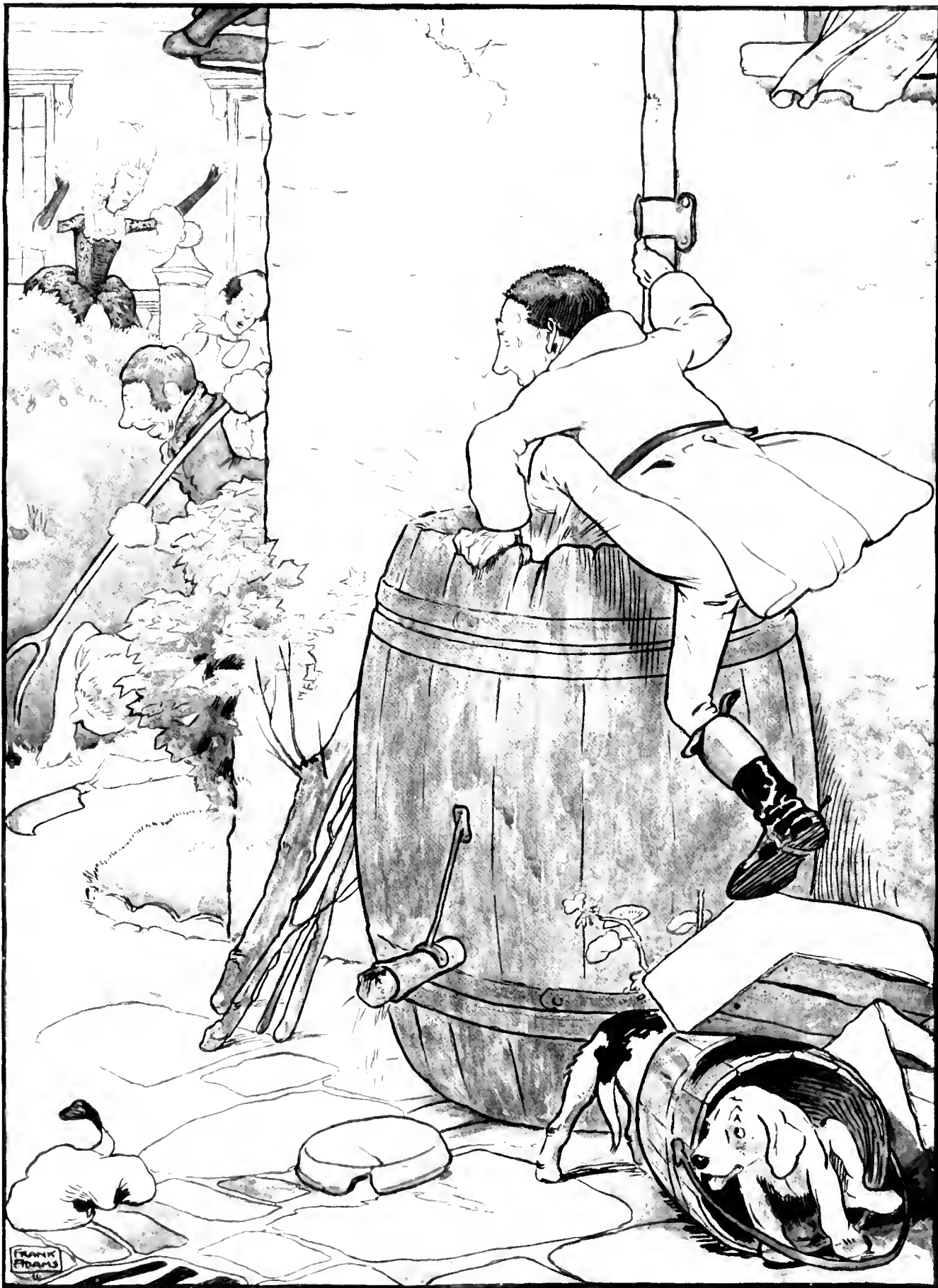
The ostlers and stable-boys helping.



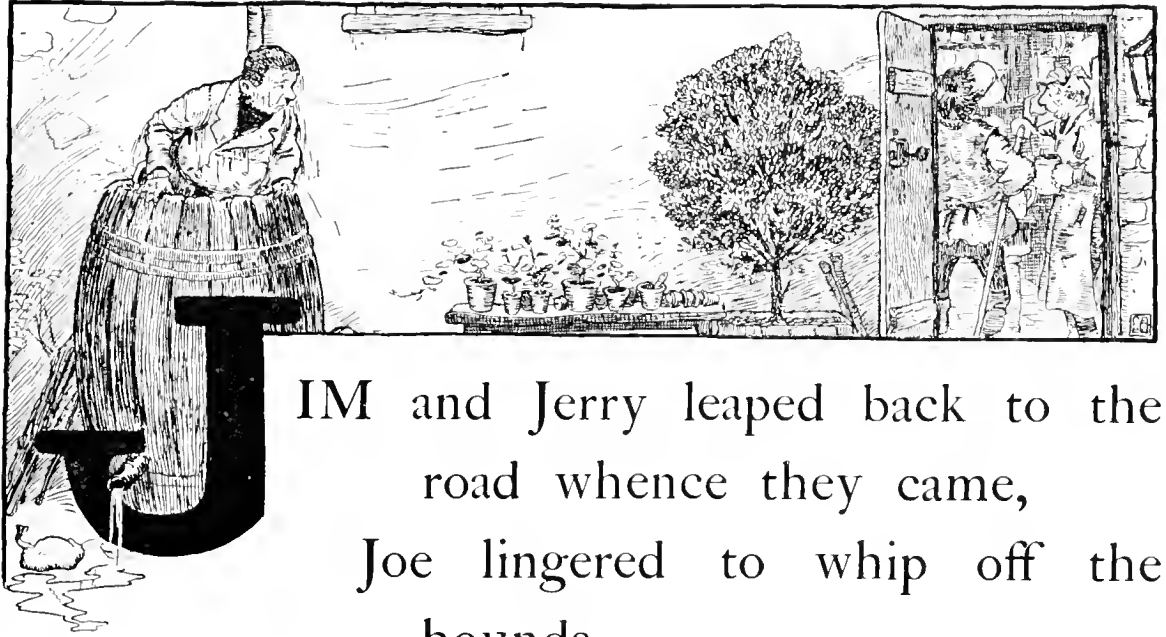
**T**HE basset hound soon found a  
scent to his taste;  
He gave tongue and was off  
like a shot,  
Behind him the pups and the  
hunting men raced,  
For the pace was exceedingly hot.

But a garden of flower-beds, all bordered  
with box,  
Put an end to their sporting excursion;  
For the riotous pack was not hunting a fox,  
But Lady Polpero's pet Persian.









**J**IM and Jerry leaped back to the  
road whence they came,  
Joe lingered to whip off the  
hounds;

Then he tried to escape from the furious  
dame,

But lost his way out of the grounds.

She made her men seek him with furious  
shout;

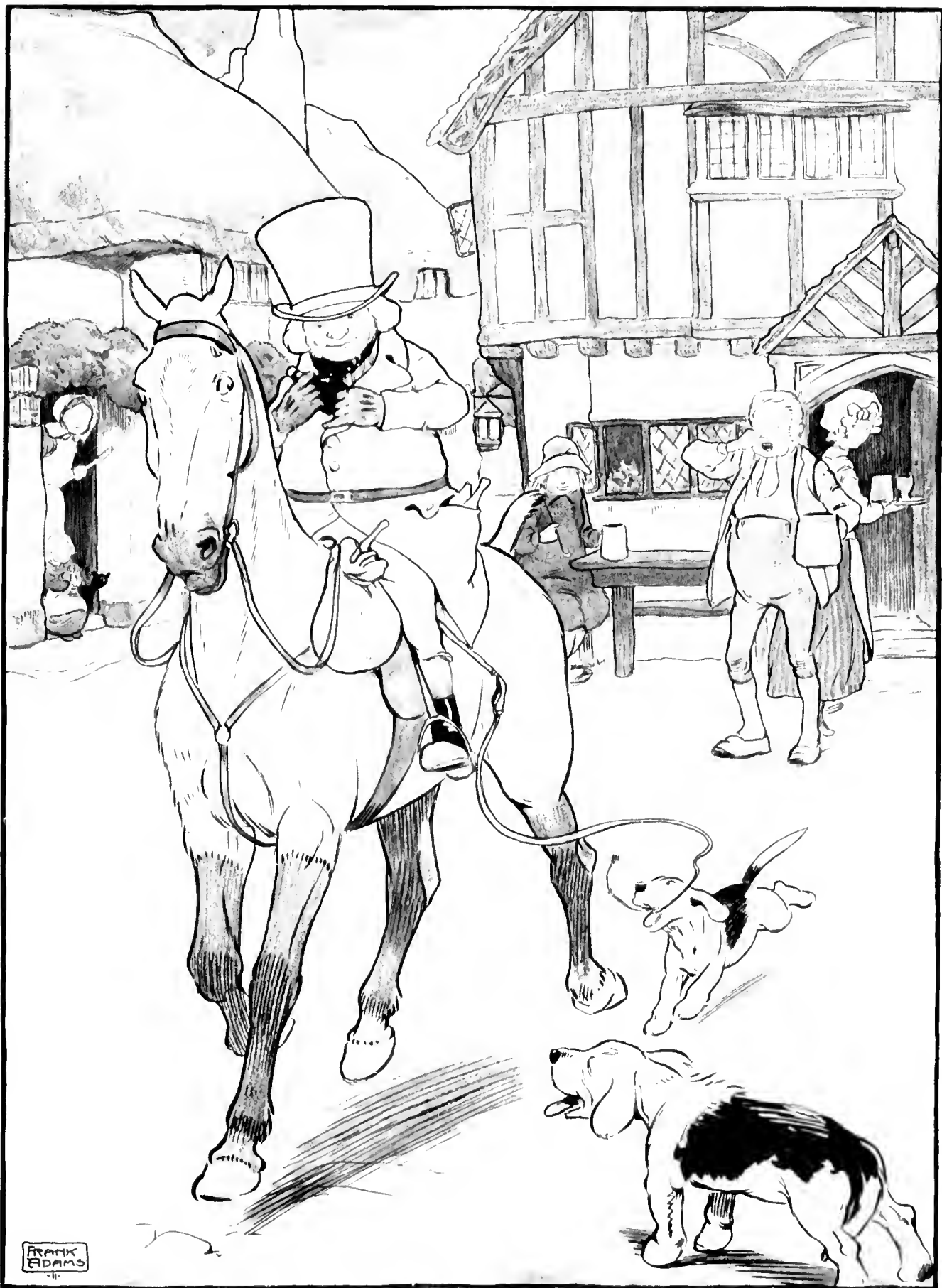
But he finally managed to thwart her,  
By crouching, with only his nose sticking out,  
In a water-butt, brimful of water.



**N**OW Jim on his dappled mare  
sturdily sat,  
And trotted once more down  
the street,  
And he said, “Well, there’s this about  
hunting a cat,  
It makes me want something to eat!”

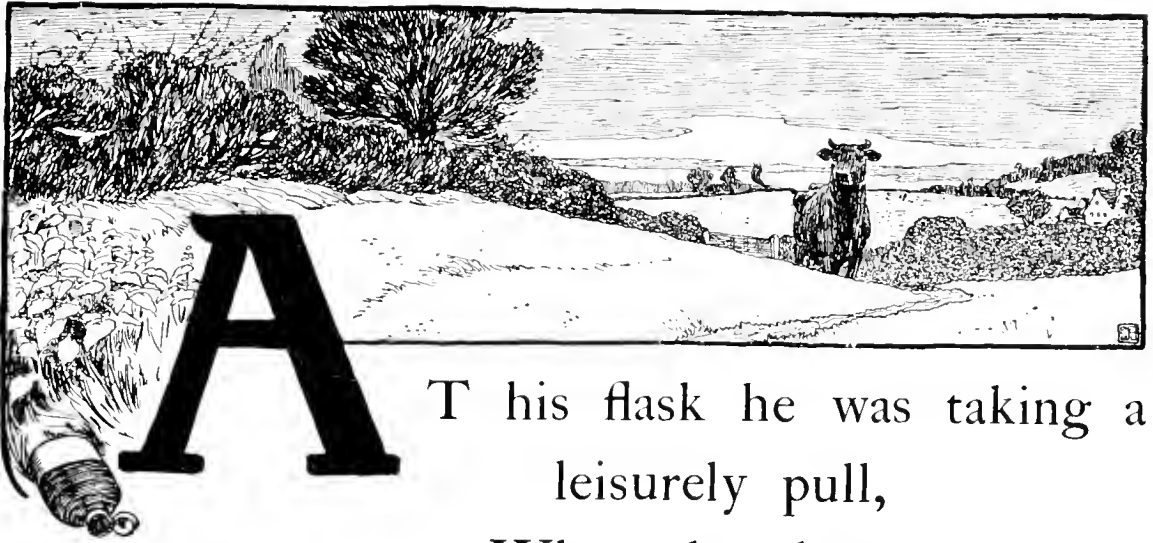
He bought half a chicken to gnaw on the  
way,  
And filled up his flask with brown sherry,  
Then, lighting a weed, without further de-  
lay,  
He cantered away after Jerry.







FRANK  
ADAMS  
-11-



At his flask he was taking a  
leisurely pull,  
When he heard a loud  
roar in the rear,  
And, turning, discovered a brisk looking bull  
Drawing most disconcertingly near.

His Dapple was munching a tuft of sweet  
grass,  
And when urged to “gee hup!” she  
refused to;  
So Joe had to run on his own legs, alas!  
At a pace that they’d never been used to.



H why,” whimpered Jim, “am  
I hunting in pink?

’T is a colour these savage brutes love!”

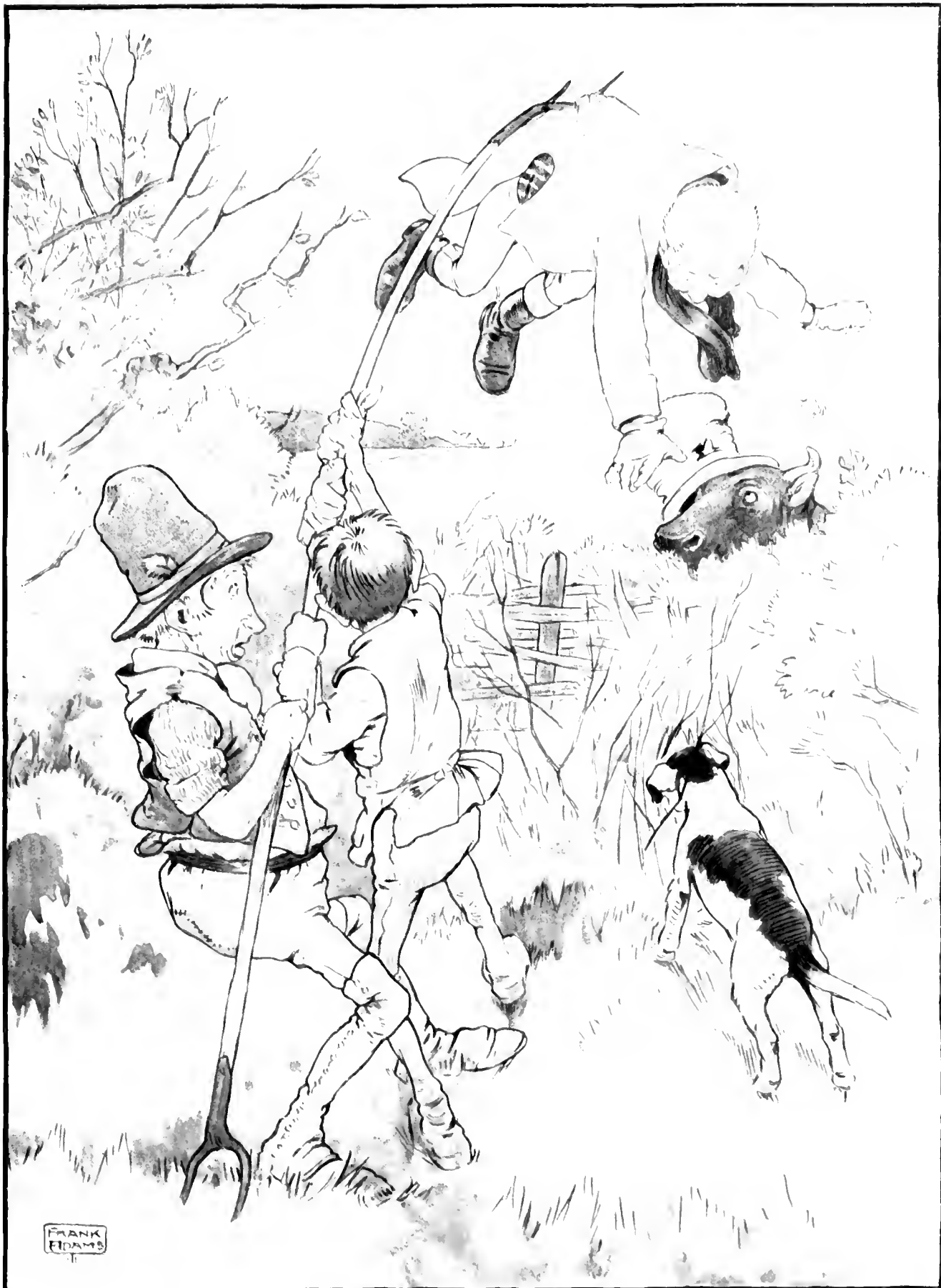
And he prayed as he raced, through the  
ground he might sink

And leave his pursuer above.

Two yokels ran up and showed wonderful  
sense

In using their forks as a lever,  
And hooked the stout runaway over the  
fence,

While the bull took it out of his beaver.





FRANK  
ADAMS



**N**OW Jerry till sundown continued the chase,

With his basset hound working a line  
Which led them at last to a desolate place.

Thank goodness the weather was fine!

Beneath a gnarled oak tree they came to  
halt,

For there crouched a furry white Madam;  
Which proved that their hunting once more  
was at fault,

And again had the Persian cat “had ’em”.

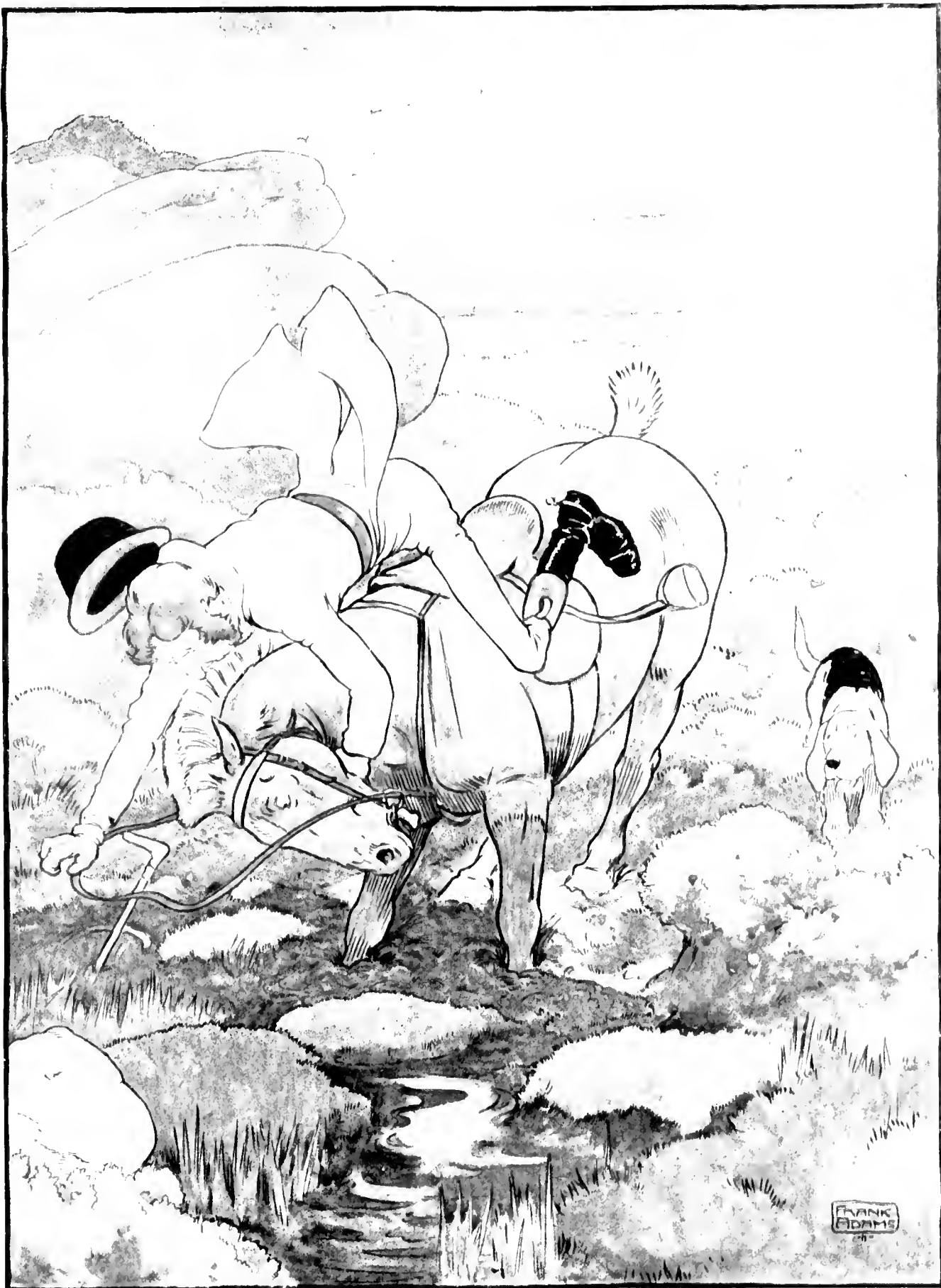


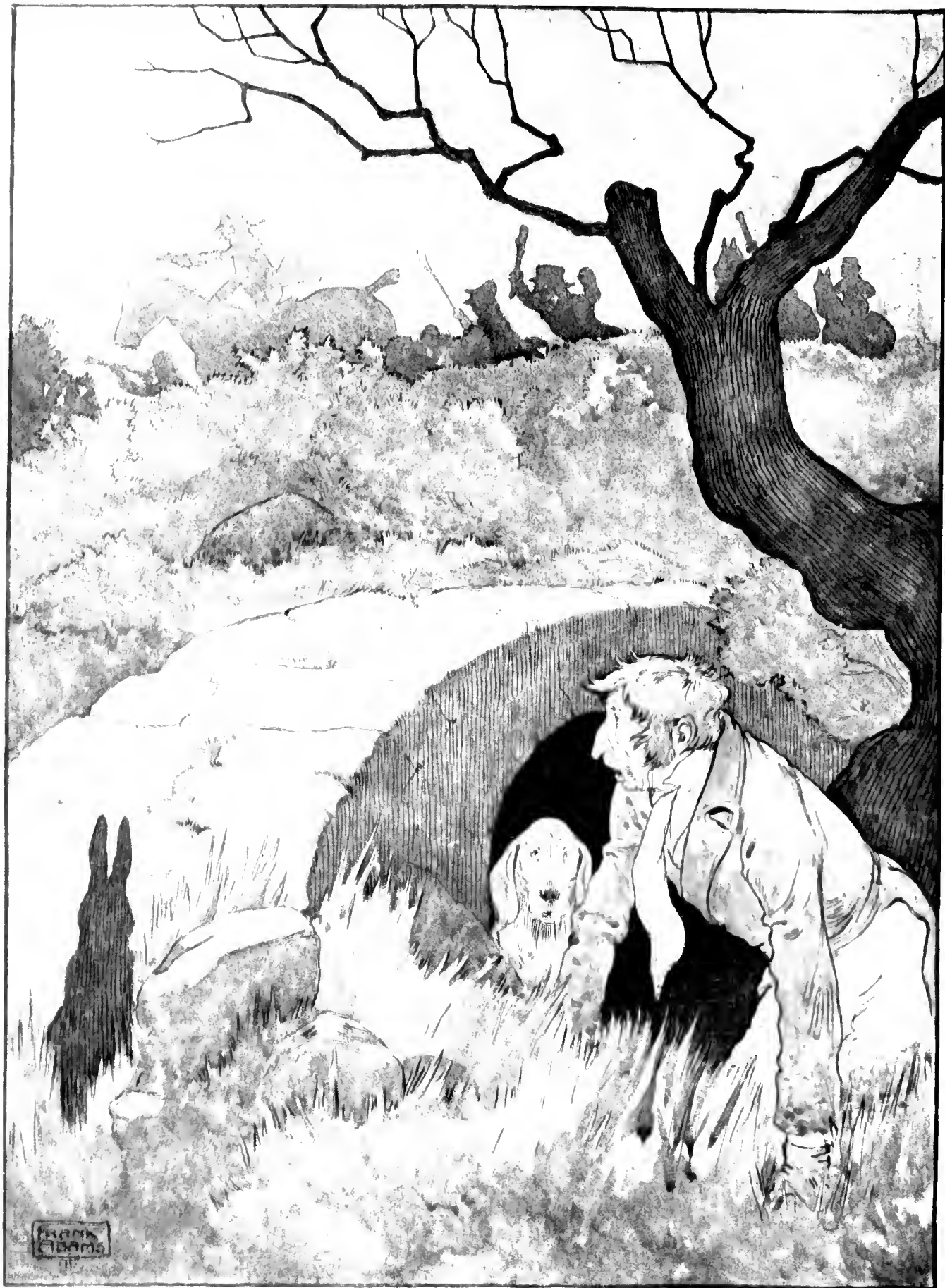


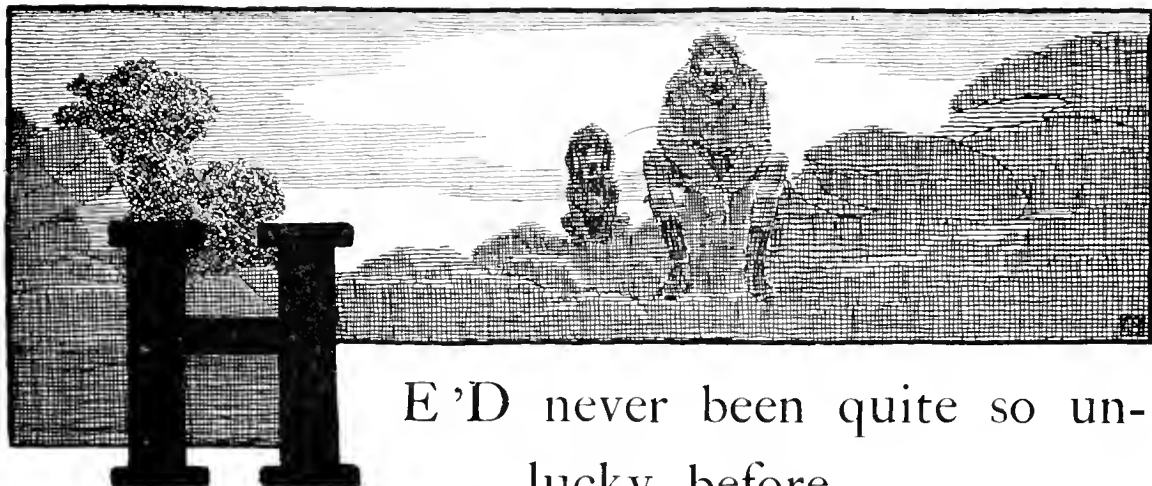
PUSS swore with such spite, they  
were glad to retire,  
By a pony track over the moor;  
But what with the boulders, the gorse, and  
the mire,  
Their progress was painfully poor.

Till Jerry, half-famished, endeavoured to jog  
Down a track that grew thinner and  
thinner,  
And finally, taking a toss in a bog,  
Had a mouthful of mud for his dinner.









**H**E'D never been quite so unlucky before,  
To the best of his honest belief,  
And still he'd another adventure in store;  
For some rustics were chasing a thief.

In the dusk they were quite convinced Jerry  
was he,  
And captured the horse he was riding,  
While the huntsman crouched down by the  
stump of a tree  
To secure—and escape from—a hiding.



**T**HAT night in the bar of “The  
Three Cornered Hat”

He ran his two cronies to earth,  
And his plight was so mournful and woe-  
begone, that  
The rafters resounded with mirth.

Then, snug by the fire, with their toddy at  
hand,

While the Landlady mended their tatters,  
They declared, one and all, that the sport  
had been grand—

And, after all, nothing else matters!



Then,

hand.

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# Three Jolly Huntsmen





Joe - Jerry and Jim

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